Simeon and Levi:

OR,

Jacobite Villany

AND

FRENCH-TREACHERY,

Hand in Hand.

Being Remarks upon the Horrid and Barbarous Conſpiracy to Aſſaſſinate the Perſon of his moſt Sacred Majeſty King *William*; as alſo on the intended-Invaſion from *France*.

Publiſhed for the Edification of the Jacks, and their Brethren the Papiſts, and the Whole Tribe of Non Jurors, in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*.

By a Perſon of Quality.

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NOtwithſtanding the Conſtant Diſcovery, and Certain Diſappointment of all the Inhuman and Barbarous Plots, and Conſpiracies, againſt the Matchleſs Life of his moſt Sacred Majeſty King *William*, (our Renowned, Rightful, and Lawful Sovereign,) and the many various and Fruitleſs Attempts that have been made, by *Grandval*, and his Accomplices, and others at different times, againſt his Precious Perſon; together with the Profound Projects, and Damn'd deſigns of the Invading this Kingdom of *England*, by Foreign-Force, and thereby in Conjunction with the Traitors and Rebels here at home, to involve us in Blood, Confuſion and Deſtruction, to our utter and Irrecoverable Ruin; by this means to make way for the *French* Tyrants, more Arbitrary and abſolute Sway, over this (the moſt Noble) part of the World; as alſo for the Return and Reſtoration, of the late King

James, (of Curſed Memory,) his reſtleſs and Implacable Queen, her Baſtard-Brat, and the Reſt of that Un-Godly and Un-Chriſtian Crew, of Murdering-Papiſts, Plotting-Proteſtants, King-Killers, Blood-Suckers, Helliſh, Romiſh, Popiſh-Prieſts, Jeſuits, Monks, Nuns, Monaſteries, Convents, Orders, Lazy-Lubbers, Idle-Drones, Waſps, Caterpillers, *Iriſh*, *Scotch* and *Engliſh*-Fugitives, Rebels, and Traitors, and ſuch ſort of Vermin like (or rather much worſe than) Locuſts, that would come to devour our Milk and Hony, lay waſte this Land of *Canaan*, and make deſolate our Terreſtrial-Paradice, our Bleſſed Lot, Portion and Inheritance, to the intire Subverſion of our Religion, Laws and Liberties, Property, our Natural as well as Civil-Rights; I ſay notwithſtanding all the Impious Principles, Pernicious Practices, and Vain Villanies of black and baſe (more than) Monſters, in Conjunction with, and by the Direction, Privity, advice and aſſiſtance of their Patron and Head, *Lewis* XIV the Preſent, Brutiſh, and Barbarous Sultan of *France*, and his Vile Viceroy at St. *Germain* in *Lay*, have been happily and timely fruſtrated; yet nothing can deter, divert or diſcourage them, and their Infernal Adherents, from making New attempts upon the Perſon of that Glorious Prince, that is the only Obſtacle (as they have often own'd) to their Greatneſs; a King that is the Joy of our Hearts! the Delight of our Eyes! the Care of Heaven! the Darling of Mankind! the Favorite of Fortune! the Bulwark of *Europe*! the Soul of the Union! the Life of the League! the Head of the Confederacy! the Royal Light and Lamp (Sun-like) that Influences the whole World! and in a Word the very Breath of our Noſtrils; on whoſe Preſervation (alone) depends our (and in a manner all Chriſtendom's) Preſent ſafety and Future Felicity, and who by the great Goodneſs, Peculiar Providence and mighty Mercy of God, (our glorious Guardian, and never failing Friend,) has not only eſcaped

(narrowly) the long Paſt, but alſo the laſt laid Snares, for his dear and Jewel Life. Surely his unparallell'd Clemency might have Oblig'd, and won his Enemies, and ſo it would if they were Chriſtians, or Men, but they are Pagans and Beaſts, (and the moſt Savage too !) tho' in Reality 'tis now viſible that his Majeſties Gentle Government, kind Condeſcention and Sweet Lenity, has rather emboldned and encouraged them to proceed in their exalted Villanies. Noble-natures had been gain'd, and brought over by ſuch Graces and Goodneſs, but Baſe and Sordid Spirits are never to be wrought upon, and therefore more Hanging muſt do the Work; 'tis but juſt and the Reſult of their Demerits; it is the beſt Phyſick for State Diſeaſes, it is Infallible, 'tis the only Catholic one in the World, the true Specifique ; It was often preſcribed and adminiſtered, in the late Pious Reigns, and had good Effect then, and why not now ? It works well, it is a curious Vehicle, and Operates moſt Powerfully, curing all manner of Diſtempers, though Remote, long Lurking and Chronical: Jack Catch was found to be the ableſt Doctor in the old Popiſh Plot, and made pretty good work with the Conſpirators, and would have gone through-ſtitch, if the Devil hadn't been in the Duke, and he in the Plot; and why ſhould not we try what the Squire's Succeſſor can do with our new ſett of Rogues? I dare Swear if a Hundred or two, nay, a Score or two of the Capital Criminals were ſhortned only by the Head, and as many of the lower Rank of theſe Varlets, were ſtretched for an hour (or thereabouts) with a

hempen Ribbond, (that being the beſt Crevat-ſtring for them) they would ſoon be ſick of the Sport, and give over all their damned Deſigns, and Curſed Contrivances againſt our Gracious King, (the beſt we ever had, or I fear ever ſhall have,) his God-like Government, our Lives, Religion, Laws, *&c.* I am really of Opinion, this Method will now be put in practice, and then we ſhall hereafter be always ſafe and ſecure; for ſince Clemency won't, Juſtice muſt take Place, and ſtop the Breath of all ſuch Diabolical Miſcreants; there remains no other way to reduce them to their Duty; they thought, (and have been ſo Impudent to affirm) the Government durſt not puniſh them, their Party was ſo numerous and ſo formidable: Pretty Precarious Policy to ſuffer ſuch Affronts from bold and Reſtleſs Enemies.

But that which gave the greateſt Incouragement to theſe Villanous Aſſaſſines, (more Barbarous than the Strict Sect of Mahumetans, who refuſe no peril or pain to Stab whom their Maſter appoints, and who give name to theſe, was the vaſt Preparations *France* made (at this time more eſpecially) by Sea, to prevent the Return of the Confederate Fleet into the *Mediterranean*, (who have been a grievous Eye-ſore to them ever ſince they went thither) thinking thereby to draw ſo great a part of our Ocean Fleet to reinforce Sir *George Rook* at *Cadiz*, that we ſhould leave our own Seas, and Coaſts unguarded, and ſo be expoſed to their Inſults, which would give our People a Panique Fear, and occaſion ſome Confuſions and Commotions among us, and thereby lend Oppor-

Opportunity to the Papiſts and Jacks, to take Arms, to improve the miſchief; and that alſo which whetted, and provoked the Treacherous *French* King and King *James* to engage theſe Murderers anew, (for 'tis not the firſt, no nor Second time,) and to open Monſieurs Purſe ſo wide to bear the vaſt Charge of ſuch a mighty Equipment, (as he has been preparing all this Winter) to Countenance the matter, and fall in juſt as the ſtroke ſhould be ſtruck, was the Eternal Shame and Scandal, St. *Lewis* XIV. ſuffered the laſt Campaign, both in *Catalonia*, *Italy*, and in the *Netherlands*, but chiefly in the laſt, where his Power was ſtretched and try'd, and found too feeble to attempt to raiſe the Siege of *Namur*, taken in full view of a Hundred Thouſand of his beſt *Janizaries* and *Spahi*'s, drawn from all the parts of his Kingdom and Conqueſts. Such an Eclipſe (total almoſt) of his Aery Glory, put him upon meditating freſh Revenge, excited by the vaſt and mighty Preparations of the Allies, both by Sea and Land, to fall upon him on all ſides this Summer, (or Spring rather; for they are now in full March to take the Field in their old Camp at *Maſſey*.) *Lewis* knew full well, that he ſhould not be able to ſtand the ſhock of their United Force, (which like Thunder wou'd ſtrike the fell Monſter Dead.) Therefore to ward off the Blow, hir'd *Barbarians* of ſeveral Nations to Aſſaſſinate King *William*, which wou'd certainly have put (for a time) us into ſome Diſorder. At the ſame inſtant he wou'd have had ready a Body of Troops to pour in upon us, to joyn the Rogues, (the *Papiſts* and *Jacks*, thoſe ſworn Enemies of our Name and Nation) who had

promis'd and made preparation of Horſes and Arms, to aſſiſt their Old Friend and Allie *Lewis*, and then the *French* with their Fleet wou'd have Bomb'd our Maritime Towns at the ſame time, to have made the Conſternation the greater. Thus were Matters concerted, (this being the nice and critical time when he cou'd only prevent his own Fall) and very near Execution; but Heaven cou'd not, wou'd not conſent to ſuch Wickedneſs (Blacker than the Devil himſelf is deem'd.) The Winds are and have been adverſe for many Months paſt, and hinder'd our Squadron from ſailing from *Spit-head* to joyn Sir *George Rook*, which is now come about to the *Downs*, to make up a Fleet to oppoſe our fooliſh Foes, who with King *James* (an excellent General! well known to all the World) and Mareſchal *Boufflers*, (indeed an Experienc'd Officer) are preparing to Embark, if the lucky diſcovery of their Deſigns do's not put a ſtop to their proceedings, which I ſuppoſe it may, tho' I deſire it ſhou'd not; but let 'em come, for we are in a readineſs to Receive 'em and to Warm 'em (before they can Land) as we did at *La Hogue*, which we know was a pleaſant Sight to the Run-away King, who was on Shoar, and ſaw all that paſs'd, to his very great Comfort! or Mortification rather! and all this done by his *quondam* Subjects, (too Good and too Brave for a Popiſh Prince and Brutal Bigot to rule over) who in all probability will ſerve him, and his French-Friends the ſame Sawce; and if I am not miſtaken, he'll be at a loſs for a fleet Horſe, ſuch a one as was laid ready for him at *Dublin*, before the fam'd Battle of the *Boyne*, being reſolv'd

reſolv'd to run away before he came thither, as he did a little before from *Salisbury*; it being no new thing to him to flye, even when no body perſues; but he was conſcious how barbarouſly he had, and did intend to treat, (which they knew) his Subjects, and therefore knew what in Reaſon and Juſtice he was to expect in return for all his Love and Kindneſs to 'em.

I pray God the *French* may Land, that we may have a trial of skill for it; I dare engage there's none of 'em ſhall go home again to tell Tales; and for the poor contemptible *Jacks*, thoſe bloudy Miſcreants! thoſe haters of their King and Country; thoſe Rebels and Regicides, I know what will become of them ſoon; the Mob wait only for the *Halloo* to fall on 'em, and Gut 'em and their Horſes; they know the way very well. What wretched miſerable Creatures are theſe Plotting Puppies, and what have they brought themſelves to? They us'd to brag of their Numbers, but I believe we ſhall be too hard for 'em, if once the Mob be let looſe upon them; (and they will moſt certainly Riſe of their own accord, upon the firſt notice of the *French* Landing:) they are undone for ever; They'll all be *De Witted*. I am ſure if they had had any Wit in or among them, they wou'd not have been ſuch Dogs to have conſpired againſt their Native Country and Fellow-Subjects, and againſt the Sacred Life of a Prince that has deſerv'd ſo well of them, and all the World beſides, in hazarding his Perſon, and all that's dear to him, in defence

of

of this Nation, and to preſerve us from worſe than *Egyptian* Bondage. For my particular part, I declare I am not fond of Woodden ſhoes, Gallies, Gibbets, Croſſes, Priſons, Fires, Inquiſitions. I like the Religion and Government of my own Country beſt; and by God's Bleſſing we will all ſtand up briskly for, and fight heartily too under our Renowned General King *William*, and ſoon repell our Foreign Foes, and immediately after give a full diſpatch to the poor remainder of the *Jacks*, (I mean what the Mob ſhall have left) and take it out of their power ever to give us the leaſt Diſturbance, or our Enemies the leaſt Encouragement. Our Militia are not ſo contemptible as ſome think, eſpecially when mingled with a good Body of Regular Troops, which (thanks to our Stars) we have now in this Kingdom, (and ſoon ſhall have more) and led by ſo brave and victorious a Captain-General as we (to our great Happineſs and good Fortune) have now among us, who has given us his Word, he will readily venture his Life for our Preſervation, which we believe, nay, know he will do; for he never broke his Word with us yet, and the late poor Creature never kept his Word with us, nor any body elſe, but his Patron and Protector, Saint *Lewis*.

Lord! when I reflect upon the Miraculous Diſcovery of this Damn'd Conſpiracy, I can attribute it to nothing but to the immediate hand of Heaven. And what will the Chriſtian, nay, and Pagan Princes of the World think and ſay of the preſent *French Nero*,

Nero, and his inhuman Pupil the late *Tarquin*, Prince of *Bogland!* How will they hold up their Hands and Eyes in admiration of ſuch Villanies and Barbarities! Unheard of, Unpractis'd, Unparallel'd! The Heathens themſelves will Bluſh at the bare mention of ſuch Cruelties, by Treacheries to involve a whole Nation in Blood, that with their King at their Head, bravely come every Year into the Field to meet their Foes. When will that Prince of Devils, and that Infernal Fiend, march in the Front of their Troops to face us! Is not this a fine Leſſon to be taught by *Lewis* to his own poor Slaves, who may one day return it home upon him? The Commiſſions (it ſeems) that were given to Murder King *William*, were in words, *To Attack the Prince of Orange in his Winter Quarters.* Fine Diſguiſes for their Villany! but no thicker than a Cobweb; all the World can ſee through them, and know their meaning as well as thoſe that directed 'em. I hope ſome ſuch attempt will be made, (and a ſucceſsful one two) upon his Turkiſh Majeſty of *France*, 'tis but *Lex Talionis*: And tho I am ſure, King *William* wou'd in his very Heart abhor and deteſt ſuch Actions, nay, ſuch Thoughts, and wholly diſcountenance ſuch Offers, or Endeavours, yet who knows but that the Genius of our Nation may Inſpire ſome Hero, ſome brave Soul to undertake this Affair, not ſo difficult (if prudently manag'd) to be effected; or that the poor Hugenots, New Converts, may take Courage, and revenge themſelves upon the Perſon of their Tyrant, who has ſufficiently harras'd them with ſeizures of their

Perſons,

Perſons and Fortunes, ſending them to the Gallies, ſlitting their Noſes, ſlaſhing their Cheeks, marking in the Forehead, Burning, breaking on the Wheel, and burying them alive by perpetual Impriſonment?

Princes ſhou'd be very tender how they countenance and encourage ſuch Black Villanies againſt others of their Rank, for fear it ſhou'd come home to 'em one day.

Our Renown'd and Glorious Queen *Elizabeth*, (whoſe Memory is ſtill dear to us, and whoſe Fame ſtands in the firſt File of good Princes) was very cautious how ſhe aſſiſted the *Dutch* (then in Arms againſt their Sovereign, tho oppreſs'd and provok'd, and forc'd by an abſolute and indiſpenſable neceſſity to do what they did, to preſerve their Religion, Laws and Liberties) leſt ſhe ſhou'd have encourag'd her own Subjects (ſome of 'em too apt) to Rebel.

We wonder not that King *Lewis* and his Brother Bigot ſhould make uſe of ſuch Barbarous Stratagems to obtain their Ends, becauſe we know they are agreeable to their Principles and Practices, by them imbibed, and digeſted from their great maſter *Macchiavel*, the *Florentine*, Secretary, who was a fine Spark to preach up ſuch Doctrin, but he knew his Men, (like *Mahomet*) and was ſure his Divinity would go down with them. God in his due time will deſtroy this *Gallique* Monſter, and rather than Means ſhould be wanting, this Hand of mine ſhall

ſhall do the Job; there are ways enough to remove him and his Partner; we ſhall never be quiet till that be done; we can't be ſafe ſo long as *Lewis* lives, he'le ever be Plotting, and Conſpiring againſt our King, and our Country, though I doubt not but the Deſtruction he prepared for others will fall upon his own Pate, and that in a ſhort time.

Beſides the Pregnant Proof that is of this Damn'd deſign, Projected firſt in the Court of *France*, Improved and Encouraged at St. *Germain* in *Lay*, which will appear at the firſt Tryals of the Intended Actors, having been already Confeſſed with all the Circumſtances, together with the Names of their Employers, managed by ſome Principal People among us, let me only Recommend to the Reader a ſhort Abſtract of *Grandval*'s Conſpiracy (of the ſame Piece with this) who was drawn, hanged and quartered, in the Camp, at *Hall* in Flanders. 13th *Auguſt* 1692.

'Some of the Miniſters in the Higheſt Employ-'ments, and of the greateſt Credit in the Court 'of *France*, having formed a deſign to Aſſaſſinate 'his Majeſty of Great *Britain*, they made choice of 'one *Bartholowmew* de *Liniere* Knight, *Sieur* de 'Grandval, as their Inſtrument to manage the 'Enterprize, to find out fit Perſons to be Employ-'ed in it, to engage them by Promiſes of great 'Rewards; as alſo to be Aiding and Aſſiſting in his 'own Perſon.

'The ſaid *Grandval* being informed that one '*Anthony du Mont* had already been engaged in this 'Deſign in the life time of the late Marqueſs of '*Louvois*, he propoſed it to him again, to execute 'the ſame, by order of the Marqueſs of *Barbe-* '*ſieaux*, and ſome others. Whereupon ſeveral Pro- 'jects were drawn up, ſeveral Petitions delivered, 'and many Conferences were held, and at laſt the 'Reſolution was taken, to bring it to effect the laſt 'Campaigne 1691. But the Providence of God 'having diſappointed them, yet notwithſtanding 'they did not let fall the Proſecution of their horrid 'deſign: But *Grandval* was employed frequently to 'write to *Du Mont* (who was retired to *Hanover*) 'to ſtir him up to another attempt, the Campaigne 'of 1692, which at laſt they agreed upon.

'One *Leefdale* coming to *Paris* about that time, '*Grandval* making an acquaintance with him, diſ- 'covered to him the ſaid Deſign, which *Leefdale* 'ſhewing a willingneſs to be concerned in; but ſoon 'after gave notice of it by Letters to his Relations 'in *Holland*, that they might inform his Majeſty. 'And the like Diſcovery was made by *Du Mont* to 'his Highneſs the Duke of *Zell*, who acquainted his 'Majeſty with it about the ſame time that he re- 'ceived the other account.

'In the mean time *Grandval* having appointed *Du* '*Mont* a Randezvous at *Uden* in the Country of '*Raveſteyn*, he ſet out from *Paris* in Company of '*Leefdale*, paſſing through *Bruſſels*, where he Com-

'municated his Design to one *John D' Amours*, who 'was formerly a Domestique Servant to *Leefdale*'s Fa-'ther. From thence they went to *Antwerp*, and so 'to *Eyndhoven*, where *Grandval* was Seized and 'carried to *Bois le Duc*.

'*Leefdale* upon Examination made out clearly all 'the Circumstances of the Conspiracy; and said '*Grandval* told him, that the King of great *Britain* 'was look'd upon as the only Obstacle to the *French* 'Kings Designs.

'John *D' Amours* being Examined next, depos'd 'that *Grandval* told him at *Brussels*, he had a great 'Business to do, which had miscarried the last Year; 'and they two falling into Discourse about his Ma-'jesty, John *D' Amours* asked *Grandval* if he had 'any thing to say to the King? Yes, answered he, 'To break his Neck.

'*Du Mont* being Examined, owned the Fact in 'all its Circumstances, adding several other Particu-'lars, *viz.* that Madam *Maintenon* (the *French* 'Kings old Concubine) was acquainted with the De-'sign. And that if he (*Grandval*) succeeded in the 'Business, he should have an ample Recompence, 'even to be a Duke.

'*Grandval* himself was Examined, and perceiving 'that the matter was discovered, and that his own 'Letter could be produced to Convict him, he free-'ly confessed all the Circumstances of the Design,

'without ſo much as naming the Rack to him, ei-
'ther before or after Sentence. *Grandval* declared that
'he acted in this damned deſign, wholly in Obedi-
'ence to the Orders he had received from Monſieur
'*Barbeſieux*, and Monſieur *Chaulais*. Two pretty
'Sparks indeed! Miniſters of State to his moſt Chri-
'ſtian (or rather Un-chriſtian) Majeſty. One a
'Secretary of State, t'other a Quarter-Maſter Gene-
'ral.

'Monſieur *Barbeſieux* promiſed *Grandval* an annu-
'al Revenue of 20000 Livers, and to make him a
'Knight of the Order of St. *Lazarus*, in caſe the de-
'ſign took effect. *Grandval*, *Leefdale*, and Colonel
'*Parker*, went to St. *Germain* on the 16th of *April* 1692
'to ſpeake with the late King *James* about the ſaid
'Deſign, who had knowlege of it. They all had
'Audience of the ſaid King, the Late Queen being
'preſent. King *James* told *Grandval*, that *Parker* had
'given him an Account of the Buſineſs, and ſaid,
'That if he and the other Officers wou'd do him
'that Service, they ſhou'd never Want.

'*Grandval* own'd himſelf guilty of the Deſign, and
'ſaid, he deſerv'd Death; and that he had an Original
'Paper under Monſieur *Barbeſieux*'s own hand to ju-
'ſtifie himſelf.

I have the rather mention'd this Curſed Conſpiracy, becauſe (as I ſaid before) 'tis of apiece with the late diſcover'd Diabolical Plot, and tells the World plainly, what we are to expect ſo long as *Lewis* lives; he and

King

King *James* are at the very Head and in the Heart of it.

In ſhort, a Diverſion was to be made of the formidable force of the Allies, and no where ſo proper as in *England*, to which the *French* were encourag'd by many concurring Circumſtances and Accidents, *viz.* The Ferment they fancied the *Scots* were in upon the ſcore of their New *Eaſt-India* Company, being like to be ruin'd by the prudent Conduct of the Parliament of *England*, together with ſome old Reſentments, eſpecially among the Epiſcopal Party, upon the aboliſhing of that ſort of Church-Government, as alſo the damp of Trade and ſtop of Commerce, that was lately here at home, occaſion'd by the great ſcarcity of Good, and Non-Currency of the bad Coin; to which may be added the Fall and incertainty of Guinea's, cauſing common Complaints and mighty Murmurings, with ſome other Caſualties, too tedious and too well known to dwell upon at this time, and in this place: I ſay, a Diverſion was abſolutely neceſſary at this Juncture, and therefore reſolv'd on, having firſt form'd ſtrong Plots, and briſk Stratagems, to ſmooth out the way, not doubting in the leaſt of good Succeſs, having received Aſſurances from all Hands, of their heartineſs upon this occaſion, and being of opinion that their Friends in *England* were more Numerous and more Powerful than they really are.

Monſieur knew very well, that his All was at Stake, his Empire in the Wane, and his Vaſſals near their Delive-

Deliverance; therefore he projected this Damn'd Design, first to Assassinate our King, which wou'd countenance a Rising throughout the three Kingdoms; then follow the Blow with an Invasion, which he was sure wou'd soon Destroy us, and break the Alliance among the Confederate Princes, who wou'd each of 'em recall their Troops, and leave *Flanders* without Soldiers, expos'd to the Arms of *France*, which wou'd soon compleat the Conquest of those Provinces, and then he wou'd swallow the *Dutch*, the Duke of *Savoy*, and (by degrees) all the rest of his Neighbours; nor cou'd the united force of the Empire long resist his Power, when Master of what is before-mention'd, *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*, being wholly at his Devotion, ready to join him with their whole Strength by Sea and Land. And this was the Scheme, and thus were Matters to be manag'd. King *James* was also told by his *Gallick* Majesty, that he must in Person head his Troops; that his Presence wou'd be essentially necessary in *England*, to animate his Friends to come in, and to daunt his Enemies; that this was a Point of Honour, from which King *James* (if he had any Mettle in him) cou'd not receed, no nor refuse; tho he seem'd willing to have evaded the Command, and shifted off the Business, but he cou'd not disengage himself; and therefore he was forthwith expedited away to *Calais*, to be ready there upon the first Orders to Embarque, which arriving, the poor Gentleman's Arse began to make Buttons; he liked the Enterprize, but did not care to be Personally present; he was sensible of the Hazards and Difficulties, and knew if any Glory was won, *Bouf-*

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fers wou'd run away with it all: And this is moſt certain, for he is made but a Tool of, an Implement to ſerve a Turn, and cou'd expect to be no more than a Deputy, or Lord Lieutennant, and that in Title only, without the leaſt piece of Power: That nothing wou'd be at his diſpoſal, no, not the meaneſt Office in his Kingdom, (if he ſhou'd recover it, which is above a Thouſand to One odds) but he muſt attend the Orders of his Sovereign and Maſter, King *Lewis* of *Navarre*, that Deſpotick Prince, who was willing to have taught him his Trade, which he began to learn, but ſet up too ſoon for himſelf in *England*, and therefore was ſoon laid by, and ſent to *France* to be more Perfect.

The *Grand Signior* himſelf, though now in League with *Mazarine*'s Baſtard, will abhor and deteſt ſuch Black Villanies as theſe, and will without doubt ſhew his Reſentment to the *French* Ambaſſador at his Court. The *Ottomans*, though call'd Infidels, cou'd never have been guilty of ſuch Treachery, even in the loweſt Ebb of their Fortunes; when a whole Kingdom was torn from 'em at once, and their huge Armies Defeated in three ſeveral Pitch'd Battles, and their People at home in Convulſions and Conſternations, yet never any attempt was made upon *Leopold* the *German* Emperor, to Aſſaſſinate him, or any of his Generals, though always Victorious and Triumphant; No Plots or Stratagems but of War, and in the Field, were practis'd by the Brave *Turks*, a more Generous, more Manly, and a more Honourable Enemy than the Barbarous and Treacherous *French*, who are Falſe Friends and Foul Enemies;

Enemies; yet dare at the ſame time aſſume the glorious and holy Name and Appellation of Chriſtians.

This is a New way of making War, which the Ancients never Dream'd of; the *Aſſyrians*, *Perſians*, *Grecians*, and *Romans*, that eſtabliſh'd themſelves in the Univerſal Empire of the World, never entertain'd ſuch Pernicious Practices; no nor did their Enemies, tho to ſome a ſinking State, they fell with more Glory. The Modern *French* forſooth, pretend to imitate the Old *Romans* in their purſuit of Military Fame, and in extending their Conqueſts, but how ſhort they fall of them, every body is ſenſible, and will be more and more each day convinc'd; their Policies are quite different; their Burnings, Plundrings and Devaſtations of whole Provinces, as well as Cities and Towns, was their own Invention, never us'd, no nor thought of in ancient times; the *French* are the Originals, tho I think they have been pretty well met with by the *Engliſh*, who Fir'd their Ships, and Bomb'd their Towns, and are preparing to give them ſome more of that Sport, ſeeing they began it, and then liked it ſo well, whatever they may do now, ſince the Scene has been chang'd, and the Civility return'd.

Theſe are bad Examples in a Prince to Poſterity. All the World naturally abhors Treachery, and agrees in the juſt puniſhment of Traytors; but *France* can Countenance the worſt of Acts. Surely this muſt needs draw down the Vengeance of Heaven upon the Head of *Lewis* the *Black*, which tho often Slow, is always

always Certain. And thus much I dare pronounce, that this laſt Monſtrous Act of his will alarm the whole World, and whet their Revenge; give a new Edge I ſay, to their Reſentment; 'twill inſpire the Confederates with new Rage; and who knows how far the Fury and juſt Anger of an injur'd and incens'd Enemy may tranſport them? It will, I am ſure, end in the abſolute Depreſſion of that Monarch, and Manumiſſion of his Slaves; I have hopes it will tend to the utter Extirpation of the whole *Gallick* Nation; their Cities, Towns and Villages ought to be burn'd down, and level'd to the Ground, and the Lands on which they ſtood, Plow'd up, and ſow'd with Salt, and the very Memory of that People for ever Extinguiſh'd; the Proud Palaces of that Perjur'd Prince ſerv'd as *Perſepolis*; more than this is his Due, and the right Reward of all his evil Acts; numberleſs are the private Murders he has been Projecting and Privy to, ever ſince he fill'd the Throne. Subjects nor Neighbours, Friends, nor Foes, are ſpar'd by him; the bloody Reign of *Lewis* ſwells a mighty Volume: The publick Gore he ſpilt to advance his Glory (as he falſely call'd it) wou'd make a vaſt River, nay a ſmall Sea, fit to Navigate upon: All the Tyrants that have preceeded him, were Puny Fellows, if compar'd to *Lodowick* the Great! Millions have bled to gratifie his boundleſs Ambition, have fallen Sacrifices to his Matchleſs Cruelty. What Time and Treaſure have been ſpent to gain the empty Name of Invincible! ſo flatter'd and ſooth'd by his crouding Courtiers, aſcribing Merits more than he cou'd claim.

The *French* King by the late Successes of the Allies was made desperate, and therefore he would push, and hazard all; if he carried his Point, he should Triumph; if not be Crushed, which now he expects will be his Doom, accelerate his Death, and make way for the Impatient *Dauphin*, who has long attended the happy hour, being ripe for Rule these many Years, and often bemoan'd the Sufferings of the People, wished his unnatural Parent dead, that all his Butcheries might cease; the Hugonots then would soon return to *France*, to enjoy their Native Air, pleased with the Prospect of a Peaceful Reign, being invited and encouraged by their new King.

Once more we thank kind Heaven for this mighty Deliverance, as Providential, and as Remarkable as ever happned; nothing that Sacred Writ or Human Story can present us, do's exceed it: The Popish Powder Plot comes near a Parallel; and if my Fancy fails me not, the late intended Actors are lineally descended from those Rogues of *Faux*'s Gang, of Pious Principles all alike: The Garland they must wear to Crown their Merits, must be put on at *Tyburn*; the Fairs at *Paddington* will be frequent.

Oh! what mighty Debts we owe unto our Guardian Angels for their Care o'er this poor Island, to save us when so near destruction; when our Enemies had open'd wide their Mouths (Whale-like) to swallow us whole, but God preserved us all by his Almighty Hand: No Popish Prince must rule

rule this Holy Land, no Saracens (or worſe) ſhall e'er again Reduce our *Paleſtine* by Conqueſt.

So far this curſed Plot has been from hurting us, that the little Reputation *Lewis*, or his Brother *James* had left, will all be loſt, for ever buried in Oblivion; the wiſer Jacks will quit their Party, and learn again to love their Native Country, ever abhorring ſuch Vile Acts: Such Arts to Conquer Foes are drawn from Hell, if Hell can be ſo bad, which I can never believe; nor can it enter in my thoughts, the Devil himſelf could e'er direct the Work! This happy Effect, the full diſcovery will produce, King *William* gains new Hearts each day, Rivets himſelf in our Affections; all Loyal Souls rejoyce to ſee him ſafe, in ſpight of all their Malice and their Treaſon, formed againſt his Royal Perſon. The wiſe Reſolves of the Lords and Commons in Parliament aſſembled, will certainly preſerve us for the future, as his Majeſties prudent management will for the preſent; the ample Power the King will have to ſeize and ſecure Perſons, Arms, and Horſes, and to ſuperſede the *Habeas Corpus* Act (for a limited time) will give a quick diſpatch to matters. The Aſſociations now going on throughout the whole Kingdom, will ſufficiently Strengthen us, and take it out of the Power of our Enemies to hurt us; the like Opportunity could not have happened to quicken the Depending Bills to levy Mony, and to endear the King to all his Subjects, which ſhews the Fatal Miſtake, and falſe Meaſures *France* has made and taken, never to be retrieved: thus hap-

py accident will beget a Natural Confidence between the King and his People, and unite their Affections one towards another; ſo that the Ground the *French* have loſt by this Infortunate Attempt, is greater than they at preſent imagine, and portends in my Opinion, a Sudden Cataſtrophe to the two Tyrants, and their Treacherous Adherents.

Lord, what could we expect from King *James* if ever he ſhould come again! (which God forbid, and which to me ſeems morally impoſſible, or at leaſt very improbable, notwithſtanding the high hopes he and his Legions had conceived) That Prince that (unprovoked) began to trample upon our Religion, Laws and Liberties, (and how much further he would have gone we know, if he had not been prevented) contrary to our Eſtabliſhments, and his own moſt Solemn Promiſes and Oaths, being over hear by a falſe Zeal to a Fooliſh Opinion, that Heaven was to be filled, though by Fire and Faggot, Seduced poor Gentleman! by ſome Popular Falſe Doctrines then in Vogue, and impoſed upon by the Fiery Bigots of his own Perſwaſion, till at length he was forced to abandon his three Kingdoms, and leave the Throne vacant, which was ſoon filled up, by our Repreſentatives, in whom beſides that Power, and a moſt excellent Prince is now ſeated thereon, who deſerves that and more, from us, for the mighty Deliverance he brought along with him, when our hopes were low, and our Expectations great, when we were near the Brink of Ruin and Deſtruction; Horrid Scenes of Miſeries, and Miſ-

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fortunes presented themselves to us, a Popish Reign could bode no less, (like Angry hairy *Comets* sent to terrify the World) we viewed the approaching Danger with Horror and Amazement; when this God-like Prince (now our Blessed King *William*) flew with eager hast to rescue us in time, and to secure those Inestimable Jewels, our Religion, Laws, and Liberties, nay, and our very Lives too, which were threatned.

And now, that all things have proceeded to a happy Settlement, at home, and a War carried on abroad, against *France* with good success, and reasonable hopes of greater every Year, from the visible Declension of our Enemies Power, and the apparent encrease of our Friends, and whilst we and they were making the most Prodigious Preparations that ever were heard of, or seen to reduce that turbulent Prince, that Ruffling, Ratling Spark to reason, by force of Arms, (the best Arguments!) a Black Conspiracy on t'other side the Water, and a Bloody Tragedy was concluded upon on this side, basely and barbarously, to murder our King, the Emperor of *Germany*, the Duke of *Bavaria*, the Duke of *Savoy*, Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, and some other great Men abroad, and many more both in Church and State at home, to confound the Confederates, and break all the Measures they have concerted at one Blow. I cannot but at this Instant represent to my self, with what Emotion of Mind, the affrighted Passenger looks back upon the Devouring Billows he has lately escaped in a Past Storm; the Dismal Train of

Ruin

Ruin that so lately threatned us, and that Abyss of Misery we [redacted]en certainly plunged into e'er now, had not the Damned design been discovered to his present Majesty, carries with it equal horror and astonishment. That any People among us should be found Repiners at this mighty Escape, is, in my humble Opinion, a most unaccountable piece of Ingratitude and Weakness. When Heaven has frownd upon this stupendious Attempt, and has beyond the usuall Tract of Providence vouchsafed us a Deliverance, scarce equalled in the Records of Time; who would have imagin'd that *England* should produce such Monsters that endeavor already to Ridicule the Plot? Nay, the Popelins and the Jacks, are so silly and so impudent, to say it is but a Pretence to serve a Turn, and to hasten the Preparations against the approaching Campaign: That there are People among us that say they won't believe a Conspiracy, I wonder not in the least, for they being in it, over head and ears, would be the worst of Fools to confess it, (at least in Common Tattle) because after Confession comes Condemnation, and after that Execution. But their Cause is so bad, it can't bear a good Apology; they are as bad Advocates as Soldiers, and I believe would make but as ill use of their Swords as they do of their Tongues.

But that which seems admirable, is, that the Popish Astrologer, *John Gadbury*, should be so tender hearted and so kind all on a sudden, to predict and give us fair Warning of *Plots, and Stratagems, formed against mighty Men in Church and State*, which may be

be read in his Verſes in his new Almanack, under the Month of *February*, and which are very plain, and Expreſſive. Mr *Partridge* in his Predictions, in his this Years Ephemeris, in the ſame Month, towards the bottom of the Page makes mention *of ſome Saints taught in a Religious Plot*, &c. Both hit wonderfully well, and both agreed 'twould be but ſhort lived, and meet a full diſcovery, which is very true.

Treacherous *Scorpio*, on the *French* Kings Aſcendant, puts him upon perpetrating ſuch baſe and Villanous Acts, for which I hope he will have his Reward here on Earth, and be ſtab'd, or poiſoned by ſome Woman or Prieſt, as *Partridge* has foretold will happen to him, *in June next*. I hope he'll be a true Prophet, that we, and the whole World may be rid of that Monſter, far ſurpaſſing thoſe in the Deſarts of *Arabia* or *Africa*: They prey only upon particular Species of Beaſts, and to ſatisfy their Hunger; but he devours every body, and every thing to gratify his Curſed Avarice and Inſatiate Pride, which will ſuddenly be brought to the Ground, and to which he has in a great meaſure lately contributed; for his Enemies will now arm in Earneſt, and pluck all his Plumes off, even thoſe he calls his own, born to, or obtained by Fraud, or Stealth, or Force; *Burgundy*, *Lorrain*, *Luxemburg*, *Philipsburg*, *Strasburg*, part of *Alſace*, part of *Flanders*, *Piedmont*, *Catalonia* &c.

The Romaniſts, and the Rogues worſe than they (if that can be, for they pretend to be of the Proteſtan-

ſtant Religion, though I believe they have none at all) make very ſlight of this Plot, and ſay it will ſoon blow over; I fancy they are miſtaken; there's a great many of them will be hanged firſt. A thouſand pound apiece for the Villains in the Proclamation, I ſuppoſe was not given for nothing; but now that moſt of them are taken, moſt of them undoubtedly will dangle, and then they, and their Party wont find it a Jeſt: Beſides, to my certain Knowledge there is Evidence enough already to hang all thoſe, and a great many more, and ſome Rogues, with Titles of the ſecond Magnitude. A Briſque Proſecution, and through Execution of theſe Unnatural Villains, and King-killers, will Strike a Terror into their whole Party, and deter them for ever from plotting or confederating againſt us, and damp all the deſigns of the Courts of *France*, or *Rome*, thoſe Manſions of Malice! thoſe Theatre's of Treachery!

To Conclude, let us all, as one Man reſolve to ſtand by each other, and to aſſiſt his Majeſty King *William*, in Perſon, and with our Purſes, againſt the Invaders of our Country, againſt King (would be) *James*, the Pretended and Spurious Prince of *Wales*, their Emiſſaries, Agents and Adherents, in a juſt and Noble defence of old *England*, our Religion, Laws, Liberties, our Wives and Children, our Eſtates and all that's dear and valuable to us; and rather than tamely part with any of theſe, bravely die in the Field; this will be Herroique, great and Roman like. Let us aſſociate throughout the whole Kingdom, that we may know our Men, our Friends from

from our Foes; let us Addreſs the King Unanimouſly, and give His Majeſty yet greater aſſurances of our Fidelity and good Affection; 'tis our Duty and our Intereſt; that Argument alone uſually prevails o'er all the World: Let us cry out aloud, *No Popery*, *No Slavery*, no *French* Government: Let us humbly entreat His Majeſty to make a thorough Purge of all the *Papiſts* and *Jacobites*, and turn them out of the Honourable and profitable Employments they now poſſeſs in moſt of the great Charges in this Nation: To my certain knowledge, in moſt of the Great Commiſſions in *England*, there are Rank Raſcals, haters of King *William*'s Perſon and Government, Betrayers of their Country, and Conſpirers againſt the True Intereſt thereof, and particularly amongſt the Commiſſioners and Officers of the Exciſe and Cuſtoms; there are above half of theſe dangerous Dabbs, notorious and avow'd *Jacobites*, of which an account has been formerly given to the Court, and yet they by their Powerful Friends there, continue in, to the great damage of the King's Affairs; we ſhall have a Liſt of 'em ſuddenly in Print. Muſt we nouriſh ſuch Vipers in our Boſoms! No, out with 'em, deſtroy 'em, to make room for Honeſter and abler Men: He that is not for us, is againſt us; this is no time to dally, we muſt be briſk, and Unanimous; let us encourage and exhort one another; we have a Gallant and brave Prince to lead our Armies, to go in and out before us, to fight our Battles, and (I doubt not) to Vanquiſh our Foes, if they ſhou'd be ſo hardy to attempt to Land, either here or in *Scotland*; the Blue-Bonnet Men there will give 'em enough on't; I am ſure they are no Friends to *Po-*

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pery and Slavery; they are no Cowards, but will ſtand tightly up for the Cauſe of God, and Manfully defend their own againſt all Invaders and Oppreſſors. The Late King is never more to be Truſted, he broke his plighted Faith and Oaths with all his People, before he left us:' Tis an abſurdity and inconſiſtency to imagin he ſhou'd keep his Word with *Hereticks*, who by the mild Doctrin of the *Romiſh* Church, are to be Extirpated, and not ſuffer'd to Live; the *Northern Peſt* muſt be Eradicated; we know what and who they mean by that; we Proteſtants are intended for the Sacrifice; *Molock* wou'd have us, if they had Power enough; we have been often near their Clutches, and have narrowly eſcap'd their Claws and all-devouring Talons; let us make New and more Severe and Sanguinary Laws againſt thoſe Common Enemies of Chriſt; let the *Sweediſh* practice be put upon the Prieſts, and a Reward propos'd to every Man that ſhall Geld one, and ſo get quit of that ſort of Vermin, the very Burden of the Earth, the Curſe of God, the Scum of Nations, the Scandal of their Function: Let us have no Trimmers or Traytors among us, but all True Hearts and Brave Souls; no Luke-warm Proteſtants, no pretenders to Piety, no Falſe Brethren, that Waterman like, look one way, and Row another; let us whet our Swords, and ſcower our Arms, prepare and be ready to March upon the firſt Notice; *Oh* how Glorious and Great it is to die for our Country and our Liberty, both now in Danger; and if we don't ſtand up ſtoutly for our ſelves now, both will be Loſt: Come on my Brave Boys, remember that you are *Engliſh* Men,

and

and that *Cæſar*, that *Cæſar* himſelf is at the Head of you; let not your Hearts Flag, or your Spirits Droop, your Courage was never yet call'd in Queſtion; let us Fight by the ſide of that Heroick King that is deſtin'd by Heaven to reſcue and preſerve us; nought can hurt us, if he be with us: Call to mind how his brave Anceſtors Bearded the *Spaniſh* Monarchy, and brought down that *Leviathan*, and humbled that mighty Overgrown Monſter, and forc'd him to beg a Peace, and of his *quondam* Subjects too! This is the Immortal Great Grandſon of that Gallant Prince, that did thoſe Great and Wonderful things for the *Dutch*, and preſerv'd a handful of People from the Bloody Inquiſition, from Murders, Oppreſſion and Slavery. Let us not doubt but God will be with us, 'tis his Cauſe we aſſert; Heaven can't be Brib'd, our Prayers are heard, and Lo! a Voice is come forth, *Prepare your ſelves for Battle; come out to day, for I will deliver all your Enemies into your Hands, to fall by your Swords.*

FINIS.